

# The Sunday Tribune News and Reviews of Books and Authors

## A Bookman's Day Book

By Burton Rascoe

**JULY 8**  
HUNDREDS years ago to-day Percy Bysshe Shelley and a young half-pay lieutenant of British dragons put out to sea in a frail craft at Leghorn, whither Shelley had gone to greet Leigh Hunt on his arrival in Italy. Some days later Shelley's body and that of his companion were found washed up on the shore. Byron, Hunt and Trelawny made a funeral pyre upon the sands and, having buried the body of the heart which Trelawny snatched from the flames, the slight body which housed the soul of the tormented young man whose lyrics are among the glories of our language. That much I wrote yesterday of what I intended to be a centenary tribute to Shelley, but it didn't come off. I couldn't help thinking of the irony of the situation. Shelley would have been a laudatory article published to-day and to-morrow about Shelley, telling how good a poet he is and how much we owe to him as a liberator of the spirit and a champion of the oppressed. I couldn't help thinking of the irony of the situation. Shelley would have been a laudatory article published to-day and to-morrow about Shelley, telling how good a poet he is and how much we owe to him as a liberator of the spirit and a champion of the oppressed.

**JULY 9**  
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**JULY 11**  
Fever down again this morning, but I am weak and wretched. Worked on material for the book pages and went to lunch with Henry Sell, who told me that his new novel, "The Love of W. C. Fields," the silent comedian, a great pantomimist and juggler who is also an erudite and cultured man, knowing his Aristophanes and the history of the Greek comedy, has been written on this party, too, a curious buffoon whose work gives me the same sense of wonder and pathos as do marionettes. I have been reading "The Love of W. C. Fields," the silent comedian, a great pantomimist and juggler who is also an erudite and cultured man, knowing his Aristophanes and the history of the Greek comedy, has been written on this party, too, a curious buffoon whose work gives me the same sense of wonder and pathos as do marionettes.

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## Yesteryear Books

By Carl Van Vechten

**NEW** NEWS of recent date has afforded me so much pleasure as the news that Heinemann in London and Duffield in New York have issued a new edition of Henry Handel Richardson's novel, "Maurice Guest," one of the greatest English novels of the last fifty years, and one of the least known. In the new edition there is a preface by the author, but one can skip that. "Maurice Guest" was first published by Heinemann in 1908, and shortly afterward in America by Duffield. Incredible as it may seem to any reader who has not read it, it is a masterpiece of discussion. It was first brought to my attention in 1911 by Robert Hichens, a friend of the author, who was in this country as a guest of my father, and he was producing a stage version of "The Garden of Eatin'" which gave me a copy and recommended that I read it at once. He also informed me that the author was a woman, an Australian, who had studied music in Leipzig with the intention of becoming a concert pianist, but on account of ill health had abandoned this projected career to marry an English man, and to devote herself to writing. I have since read the book, and it is a masterpiece of discussion. It was first brought to my attention in 1911 by Robert Hichens, a friend of the author, who was in this country as a guest of my father, and he was producing a stage version of "The Garden of Eatin'" which gave me a copy and recommended that I read it at once. He also informed me that the author was a woman, an Australian, who had studied music in Leipzig with the intention of becoming a concert pianist, but on account of ill health had abandoned this projected career to marry an English man, and to devote herself to writing.

## The Poet as Medicine Man

By Llewellyn Jones

**THE** POET MIND, by F. C. Prescott, The Macmillan Company.

**ON** ENGLISH POETRY, by Robert Graves, Alfred A. Knopf.

**S**OME day we may have a new criticism based on the discovery of Freud and his school. But so far it seems to me that Freudian criticism is more of a nuisance than anything else. It is extremely plausible, this interpretation of literary and other arts in terms of hidden conflicts and all that, and these two books make out an especially good case. For Professor Prescott begins his book by lamenting the fact that the poets have not told us more about the psychology of their own productions, but he says, "We must make the best use of what little they have told us, either through their poems or in their remarks about their poems. And just after his book is published comes the young English poet, Robert Graves, and does just what Professor Prescott has been desirous—he lays bare to us the process of poetic creation as it has gone on in his own mind and as he has tried to catch it by introspection, and his argument dovetails beautifully into that of the more laborious and analytic Dr. Prescott.

## London Letter

By Douglas Goldring

**T**HE question as to whether the juvenilia of a great author and what is usually called his "mature" work are really the same man, or ought not to be published in print is one which is again agitating our literary mobs. The manuscript of "Monmouth," a juvenile play by Robert Louis Stevenson of whose existence few people were aware, was sold at Christie's on July 11, and Sir Sidney Colvin has been writing letters to "The Times" about it. He has not read the play, but, on principle, he expresses an urgent wish that it may remain unpublished. The inclusion by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne in his "Valleys of Whiteness" of Stevenson's hitherto unknown material, he stigmatizes—without having seen the volumes or their contents—as "especially ill-judged."

## "Nous Sommes les Jeunes"

By Gilbert Seldes

**W**E FALL short in America of the authentic tragedy of that brief reply. The younger generation survived somewhat, and is, it seems, not wholly given. Perhaps that is why we fall short, too, of the question, so debatable, so interested in what les jeunes might be doing, so full of intellectual curiosity, so ready with sympathy and critical severity. These are not the accents in which one has heard the younger generation spoken of in the last two or three years. Controversy, denunciation, publicity—all trivial, all faintly nauseating—have left no room for interest in the object itself, the possible artistic production of young men and women. Now Mr. Spingarn has issued his manifesto, and, through no fault of his, those who have commented upon it have forced some of us who had sworn never to be entangled in the business to decide that, for one thing, if the words are to be used again they must be used with some definite sense of what they mean.

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### BOOK SHOP

HIMES BROWNE

### HOWEVER, like most nationalist advocates, Mr. Kawakami is a trifle inclined to overdo his case. His effort to explain the Japanese as an objectionable fifth group of the twenty-one demands as mere harmless "suggestions" is not very convincing. In discussing the Shantung problem, he does not even mention Japan's warlike and inexcusable violation of China's neutrality in the course of the operations about Tientsin. The author's style is clear and pleasing, and his book is a most orderly and logical. An excellent documentary résumé of the Washington conference is to be found in the appendices.

### ADRIENNE TONER

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

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